



THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

★ SALT LAKE THEATRE.—All week, with matinees on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, "Ben Hur".

★ ORPHEUM.—Tomorrow night and all week, matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, high-class vaudeville.

★ GRAND.—Tonight and through Wednesday night, matinees tomorrow and Wednesday, "Honest Hearts"; Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday matinees, "At Cripple Creek".

★ LYRIC.—Tonight and through Friday night, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, "The Night Before".

THE most important theatrical event of a purely local character scheduled for this week is the opening, tomorrow night, of the new Orpheum, through the production of "Ben Hur" at the Salt Lake theatre all week will be of interest to many. There is much satisfaction for lovers of high-class vaudeville in the opening of the Orpheum. Salt Lake will be one link in a chain of theatres that reaches all the important cities between and including Indianapolis and San Francisco.

Those who have seen Orpheum shows need not be told anything about their character. They are the cream of all the vaudeville. The opening bill here tomorrow night includes some performers of national fame as far as theatricals are concerned. The advance sale indicates that every seat in the house will be occupied when the curtain rises for the first time. There will be no Christmas matinee.

Frank Young of the "Ben Hur" company talked interestingly the other day about the members of the Italian ballet, forty-five in all. He said that when it comes to a question of saving money those Italian girls could give pointers to anybody he had ever met. They are paid an average of \$35 a week and Mr. Young is quite sure that they take practically every dollar of their season's earnings back to Italy with them in the early summer.

The girls never ride in a sleigh, refusing to pay for berths even in a four-wheeled car. They use the cream of all the cream whenever they are on the road. In cities six or seven of them will occupy a room, cooking their spaghetti on an oil stove and saving money every turn. "We have to import a new ballet every year," said Mr. Young in conclusion. "These girls go back home with about \$600 each and they are worth in some parts of Italy. They buy a little place containing a few olive trees and live comfortably for them—during the remainder of their lives."

We have no love for the theatrical syndicate, but we must confess that we are losing patience with Edw. Belasco. Of all the querulous, peevish individuals in the theatrical list he is very close to who is known as "the limit." Mr. Belasco is like a man with a ball on his back. Every time anybody touches the man he touches the ball and causes a yell of anguish. Belasco's latest scream was emitted at the annual dinner of the American Dramatists' club in New York. William A. Brady was the innocent cause of it.

Mr. Brady had, during the course of a little talk, accorded praise to both Belasco and Klaw & Erlanger, both syndicate people. He also included Charles Frohman in some complimentary remarks. Belasco, according to an account in the New York Times, was wild with indignation. As soon as Brady had finished he asked and was given permission to respond. What followed is this:

"Why do you couple my name with Klaw & Erlanger after all the trouble I have had with them?" said Belasco. He then referred to Klaw & Erlanger and their associates as "the gang."

"You will find the same sort of combination in every business in the country," replied Mr. Brady. "In Lead and Steel—every phase of business life in America."

"Grafters!" inquired Mr. Belasco. "I haven't said," Mr. Brady started to respond.

"But I do," cried Mr. Belasco angrily. "There is no reason why I should applaud them; there may be a reason for you to praise them."

"No," protested Mr. Brady. From all over the room came cries, "No, no, no, this is out of place."

Mr. Belasco was at the guests' table, and Mr. Brady was at a table placed at right angles. They faced each other some twelve feet apart as they spoke. While fifty members of the club were raising a hubbub in their endeavor to silence the dispute, Mr. Howard had risen to his feet and was patiently waiting for a chance to call for order.

Could anything have been more fitted than this outbreak? We hardly think so. Mr. Belasco has reached the stage where he ought to wrap himself in a few layers of cotton batting and stay away from everybody to prevent injury to his feelings.

PROMISE OF THE THEATRES.

It has often been asked how such an apparently unwieldy organization as "Ben Hur" can be handled on the road as easily as it apparently is. When the play is first produced in New York City the managers shock their heads; they said it is a great success here, but it can never make a profit as it cannot travel and reach the millions of people who wish to see it. The projectors thought so, too, but not so Mr. Brooks, the director of the organization. But he had to find a way and it set him in experimenting. A lot of money before the desired end was accomplished. When the attraction first came to New York City for the road it was provided with two full sets of scenery and costumes; in reality, two full productions.

While the company was playing in New York the scenery for Philadelphia was being set up in that city, only the acting company being moved over to

the latter city while the scenery they had used in New York was taken to Boston, the next stand the company intended to make after Philadelphia, but the projectors soon found that this would not do, as it necessitated closing a theatre for a week before the "Ben Hur" opening, entailing great loss upon the manager of the theatre—then evolved the present system that has been so successful; only the machinery of the play is now used in duplicate, and the installing of this does not in any way interfere with the performance of any theatre.

The two acts containing the machinery to be used by the company in this city arrived here last week and is now being rapidly installed by the advance crew of mechanics, which Klaw & Erlanger send ahead of the company. By the system now used by the company every department of the organization has a head and he is responsible for everything in his department to the same manner, who in turn is responsible to the director.

"Judging from the rush at the box office of the Orpheum Friday and yesterday, a heavy percentage of those wishing to be present on the opening night tomorrow will have to postpone their date until later in the week. With the exception of one or two seats at the back and a few in the gallery, the house has been sold out."

The big offered for the opening week runs the gamut from giddy frivolity to high-class opera selections—one which will cater to all classes of amusement lovers.

The headline play under the caption of "The Night Before." This is described as a dull case chaser, with Lewis McCard as chief actor. At the outset the public will get some idea of what a rehearsal is really like, for the stage will be swept practically clean of scenery. The voice of a girl who is dressed in a black and white costume, and the result can be better imagined than described. The farce from opening to climax is one of rapid and hilarious movement.

Second in order of artistic merit is the turn of the Hengler Sisters, two agile girls with shapely understandings and good voices who indulge in a high-class singing and dancing act.

The Grand Opera Trio gives an entertainment on somewhat different lines and has been placed on the bill in order to afford lovers of good vocal music a treat.

Lucy and Lucier will present the second of their series of comedies in the form of an eccentric comedy bearing the suggestive title of "A Fool's Errand."

For pure and unadulterated mirth, Nellie Floreide, comedienne, has a special character. Nellie's mission on the stage is to make a man settle down in his seat, throw back his head and rear with laughter, even if he has this proverbial indignation that follows on the heels of Christmas good cheer.

The three Jacksons, physical culture artists, furnish some interesting but punishing, bicycle riding and contortionist acts, which will be their turn with a decidedly strenuous bout.

The last feature on the bill will be an exhibition of motion pictures on the limelight.

This bill goes throughout next week. An entire change of programme will be in order on New Year's night.

"Honest Hearts" gives the keynote of the new postcard comedy of that name which Alma Hearn and her excellent company will offer here at an early date. Life on an old Kentucky farm and along one of its most picturesque rivers is reproduced in a sincere and wholesome play that seems bound to be of deep interest from start to finish. The author has introduced original types having the local recollections of both, winding up their turn with a decidedly strenuous bout.

The last feature on the bill will be an exhibition of motion pictures on the limelight.

This bill goes throughout next week. An entire change of programme will be in order on New Year's night.

"Honest Hearts" gives the keynote of the new postcard comedy of that name which Alma Hearn and her excellent company will offer here at an early date. Life on an old Kentucky farm and along one of its most picturesque rivers is reproduced in a sincere and wholesome play that seems bound to be of deep interest from start to finish. The author has introduced original types having the local recollections of both, winding up their turn with a decidedly strenuous bout.

The last feature on the bill will be an exhibition of motion pictures on the limelight.

This bill goes throughout next week. An entire change of programme will be in order on New Year's night.

"Honest Hearts" gives the keynote of the new postcard comedy of that name which Alma Hearn and her excellent company will offer here at an early date. Life on an old Kentucky farm and along one of its most picturesque rivers is reproduced in a sincere and wholesome play that seems bound to be of deep interest from start to finish. The author has introduced original types having the local recollections of both, winding up their turn with a decidedly strenuous bout.

The last feature on the bill will be an exhibition of motion pictures on the limelight.

This bill goes throughout next week. An entire change of programme will be in order on New Year's night.

"Honest Hearts" gives the keynote of the new postcard comedy of that name which Alma Hearn and her excellent company will offer here at an early date. Life on an old Kentucky farm and along one of its most picturesque rivers is reproduced in a sincere and wholesome play that seems bound to be of deep interest from start to finish. The author has introduced original types having the local recollections of both, winding up their turn with a decidedly strenuous bout.

The last feature on the bill will be an exhibition of motion pictures on the limelight.

and sparkling bits of comedy light up the rough, homely camp life. Novel and startling stage sets add to the picturesque environment of the plot. Realizing that in order to present such a drama in an adequate manner, it must be acted by actors of experience and ability, the management has gone to a most praiseworthy extreme in this regard and engaged what is undoubtedly the most competent company ever seen here in melodrama.

It is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

never presented his manuscript to the opera house director. Goldmark had said to confess that it had been lying in the archives of the opera house for several years.

The duke was indignant. Next morning he asked Director Herbeck concerning Goldmark's opera, with some unflattering remarks to his credit as a director. The startled Herbeck, while making seemingly plausible subterfuges, commenced to see the futility of holding out any longer, inasmuch as his directorship was at stake.

The climax of his unpopularity with the duke, however, was reached when Dessoff, the musical conductor of the Verein der Musik Freunde, had the courage to perform the grand march of the "Queen of Sheba" at the concert in which Liszt played, after twenty years of silence, and where, after the march, he appeared on the stage, embracing Goldmark.

Flossie Crane, of the phenomenal voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

She is not alone in the possession of a gloriously beautiful voice that Emma Calve ranks above her associates at the Corned home of art in New York. It is due partly to her voice and due for the most part to her winning and charming personality. She stands alone in her degree of charm, and the minute that the famous Carmen steps upon the stage that very instant she wins over the coldest and most apathetic audience.

Wherever she has been singing

voice, whom Oscar Hammerstein found singing in a saloon at Coney island at 50 cents an evening, and who rose with a comelike swiftness to being featured in a Broadway theatre and a salary of \$100 a week, has gone back to her former level, relates the Matinee Girl in the Dramatic Mirror. Why? It is a story that some members of the profession may ponder with some profit. Flossie Crane considered only the now, she had no thought of the then.

From the squalor of her nomadic singing in the Coney Island saloons Flossie came into an enchanted realm of silk gowns, with bewilderingly long trains that reminded her, she said, of peacock's tails, of applause from kid-gloved hands instead of the pounding of the beer glasses upon wooden tables, of smiles at the musician in lieu of sneers at the woman, of a hotel suite with balls and elevators and electric lights replacing the five flights up the tenement rookery that had been home of bookings thirty weeks ahead succeeding the uncertainty of next morning.

mine's eye seemed to him somewhat significant. But it was only yesterday, when Herr Corried issued his singularly modest and unassuming statement of his German plans for the uplifting of the American theatre, that the entire theatrical profession fell to laughing at it rarely has before. This attitude of Herr Corried is not only to elevate the drama in all its phases, but it is to teach both actors and players alike how to deport themselves and speak correct grammar.

No play, however great its success, is to receive more than eighteen performances, and Herr Corried himself is to choose a committee of three select women who are to decide irrevocably who shall and who shall not be allowed to own the boxes. The fact that throughout his earlier career in this country Herr Corried has scored by reproductions of foreign successes, usually acted here by the German actors who scored in the original productions, and that he has yet to show what he can do in the way of a production in English of a classic or any kind of an American play, only tends to make his statement an additional dash of humor.

In the present state of the dramatic market there is no doubt that Herr Corried will, if necessary, turn to and write a new set of classics himself. His prospectus certainly shows that he possesses the required imagination.

It probably will be many days before George Bernard Shaw will cease to be good "copy" for managers, and news-papers. He continues to be interviewed, quoted, cussed, and discussed in all sections and in all manner of ways.

One of the latest stage stories is an interview in the Theatre Magazine for December, in which the unique one declares that the good people are all wrong and he had people are right. And thus he explains:

"You know I am an old socialist, and it is as a socialist, as well as a dramatist, that I write. Now, I am convinced that the old idea that socialism is an economic-financial movement is an exploded one. The object of socialism is not to reform the distribution of the economic conditions of the world and a change in the distribution of wealth. The true object of socialism ought to be moral reform. The old notions of morality have had their day; they are now obsolete and must make way for a new morality—a morality more humane and more in accordance with the new conditions of things, with the necessities and the wants of the modern world. The fact that the old-fashioned good people are all wrong and he had people are right, as such, are right. This is no joke," insisted Mr. Shaw, noticing an incredulous smile on the faces of the people who were listening to him. "I mean what I say. It is time we had a revolution. Oh! I do not advocate a revolt on, because a revolution is considered wrong by most people; but I want to educate the people up to a point where it will be recognized that there is nothing wrong in a revolution."

"I am attacked by Mr. Comstock, who evidently knows more about morality than any man living, because he has destroyed some ninety-three tons of poet cards. Why, I am overwhelmed, I am crushed, by that enormous weight of poet cards. But this is neither here nor there. I like Mr. Comstock, and he will have every actor and actress playing in 'Man and Superman' and 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' put in prison. I have no doubt he will lift it he is allowed to have his way, and I am certain he would like to clap me in jail, too. Well, he won't."

Mr. Shaw chuckled as if the idea amused him immensely.

"Morality," he seems, continued the dramatist, "is an affair of longitude; the farther west you go, the more people claim to be more moral and more virtuous than their eastern neighbors. The Dutch think the Germans are immoral; the English deplore the depravity of the French; and the Americans, in their turn, look upon the English as monsters of iniquity and immorality. And so goes the wave of virtuous indignation until it reaches the Pacific."

"But in your play, 'Man and Superman,' your John Tanner, who denounces marriage, becomes Ann's betrothed. Is not this running away from the contradiction this marriage? It almost seems as if you had not the courage of your opinions."

"Not a bit of it. I am a socialist, but

ing's breakfast, Cinderella's transformation was not more complete. Yet after thinking for a time in the morning, Flossie Crane at the morning news, right Flossie looked about and saw others in possession of that which she desired.

One young woman displayed a pair of dazzling shoulders, seeing which Flossie demanded a gown cut decollete, and then to please her insistent audience, and to their surprise she pulled off her glove and sat down to play the soft accompaniment of an old French folk-song, and the simple naive performance met with thunderous applause.

Her repertoire includes the excerpts from Bizet's "Carmen" for her name has been so closely associated with the role of the charming gypsy that requests have come to the director, parts of the country. She has now included "Carmen" regularly in all of her programmes and, to the supreme satisfaction of her audience, she appears in the costume which she has made as noted as she has the song itself.

The concert here at the Tabernacle on Friday evening the 12th of January, will be the great event of the season, and Calve and her entire company will be round down on the bill in order to afford lovers of good vocal music a treat.

Lucy and Lucier will present the second of their series of comedies in the form of an eccentric comedy bearing the suggestive title of "A Fool's Errand."

For pure and unadulterated mirth, Nellie Floreide, comedienne, has a special character. Nellie's mission on the stage is to make a man settle down in his seat, throw back his head and rear with laughter, even if he has this proverbial indignation that follows on the heels of Christmas good cheer.

The three Jacksons, physical culture artists, furnish some interesting but punishing, bicycle riding and contortionist acts, which will be their turn with a decidedly strenuous bout.

The last feature on the bill will be an exhibition of motion pictures on the limelight.

This bill goes throughout next week. An entire change of programme will be in order on New Year's night.

"Honest Hearts" gives the keynote of the new postcard comedy of that name which Alma Hearn and her excellent company will offer here at an early date. Life on an old Kentucky farm and along one of its most picturesque rivers is reproduced in a sincere and wholesome play that seems bound to be of deep interest from start to finish. The author has introduced original types having the local recollections of both, winding up their turn with a decidedly strenuous bout.

The last feature on the bill will be an exhibition of motion pictures on the limelight.